

FALCON
SQUARE



BALCONY SQUARE

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BITCH-IN

by Jeanni Fielding

On Dec. 4 a bitch-in was held in the cafeteria, at which students and faculty or other staff members could get up and bitch about any subject. Any problem was worth discussion, and there was a panel present to try to answer the questions.

The range of subjects was wide, and included bitches on the price (and quality) of food in the cafeteria, the practices of the library, the transportation problem, and the absence of a "Hustler's Handbook" this year. There was much discussion about "apathy" around the college, and perhaps the best thing about the bitch-in was that so many people were in the cafeteria (for nearly two hours), seemingly interested in what was going on.

Among the most voluble people bitching were the members of the Motorboat Club International. At first, they were a bit shy about speaking out, but once they got going they were very emphatic about the unjust treatment their club has been receiving, and explained the club's aims objectives and functions.

All the bitches were recorded, and are to be discussed more fully with the appropriate organizations. If some problems are solved and this type of protesting proves successful, it would be a great benefit to the college. If it does not come up to expectations, it was at least a means of venting the disgust, disenchantment, anger or whatever felt by the people who joined in. For this reason alone, a series of bitch-ins would prove interesting and probably beneficial.

By Howard Kideckel

I believe in Capital Punishment providing that it is not too severe.

Tranquilizers are not habit forming if you take them every day.

Contrary to medical evidence it has been proven that if one smokes cigarettes for one hundred years, one will live to be an old person.

Letter to the Editors

TO THE EDITORS:

The editorial can be an explosive weapon but when it is seen and revealed through the eyes of the blind and belligerent it loses its fuse. Such was the case in last week's (December 11) Balcony Square editorial attacking the Athletic Association. With unfounded facts and misrepresented quotes the editors (under the auspices and direction of the Student Council) construed a false and repugnant image of the Association. Initially I was indignant but this soon turned to a dry humor after realizing the ludicrousness of the comments.

The editorial was based on three items: a loan, the mold for the athletic ring, and the use of the athletic office. The sum of \$300.00 not \$600.00 was borrowed by the executive of last year and no formal request for reimbursement was ever made by this year's council. When it was finally brought up by myself at a meeting of December 3, a motion for repayment was passed and a cheque promptly made out; thus, even before the editors set their pens to work (lest they think their prose goaded us into action).

Note I draw a distinction between the loan and the ring as separate items. Both the editors and especially the Student Council failed to comprehend and usually spoke of both in the same breath. They hoped to obtain the mold in exchange for the cancellation of the loan thereby either enticing us with a bribe or blackmailing us. However, we considered them separate entities and our reasoning was based on this premise.

With reference to the ring, it was stated that the Student Council wanted to "display a handsome, distinctive ring" and thus wanted our mold. I agreed wholeheartedly with the concept of a ring even so far as to have the same symbol; but I violently disagree with relinquishing our specific mold to duplicate identically because they, the Students Council lacked the incentive and/or originality to even make a slight modification. The ring is given by the Athletic Association to specific individuals for certain accomplishments. Having the ring made available to every student would render this award meaningless.

Thirdly, the matter of the athletic office: the office was never designed to meet the "general student requirements." It was built as a work area for athletics and its facilities, phone, files, etc. are best utilized in a closed state. The reason a motion was passed in this regard was not to issue keys as was wrongly stated but to re-establish the premise for which the office was designed, and to remind the members that this was a privilege and not a right and as such could be lost if abused.

Lastly, I would like to thank the Editors and Students Council (Non-Athletics) for inspiring this Athletic anyway to throwing something other than a football.

Gary Goldlust,
President, S.C.A.A.



This is a picture of Cathy Kerr and the Christmas Tree. McGowan took the picture.



Editorial

With Christmas just around the corner, we at BALCONY SQUARE would like to take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to the people who helped make BALCONY SQUARE a reality.

Michael Hofstetter, who has since left our staff, as our original co-editor, should be given mention for giving this paper its initial send-off. Mr. Hofstetter was responsible for determining the direction of BALCONY SQUARE in the early months and without his fatherly guidance we'd never have gotten off the ground.

And who can forget the day we acquired Paul Scrivener, our benevolent Managing Editor, fresh from the Alps, past editor of a youthful magazine in Switzerland; suit, tie, business accent, and all. Or little Henry Flam, our lay-out man, part-time poet, and general profound thinker ...

Then in response to an advertisement in BALCONY SQUARE, we picked up David Chalmers, the most efficiently unorganized Business Manager in these parts. Thanks, Dave for all those lovely cheques ...

Monica Walburger and Sarah Coombes are the two lovelies to be thanked for their consistent clerical excellence. They also write me funny little notes and give good marital advice.

When BALCONY SQUARE needed an Entertainment Editor, in walked Martyn Weir, with a handful of copy, a beautiful chick on his arm, and a radio voice like "Wily Willy Antennae". And let's not forget his discovery, Phil Marmaduke. Thanks Martyn, for that crazy incense ... I really enjoyed it.

BALCONY SQUARE, beyond the shadow of a doubt, has the freakiest Sports Editor in journalism. Eric Seery and his beloved Harlequin have marched across the bloody fields of "B-bailers" and "Sucker Puckers" with all the descriptive courage of Spiro Agnew. Thanks Eric, for the fine work.

Let's not forget our Photo-boys, especially Paul Feldman and Mike McGowan, always chasing wet negatives and cursing Scrivener. ... so? We can't all be great photographers, Mr. Karsh.

And special thanks to all our new staff, with hopes that they'll live up to the chaotic tradition of BALCONY SQUARE as it exists to date.

Finally, thanks to all our contributors, past and present, to the SCSS, especially Rod Hurd and Company; to Howie Garr for allowing us to continue to exercise our rights of Free Speech; to Terry Yuzwak, just because he loves formals so much; to the Barrie Banner, Newsweb, and Hans Nielson (for his uncanny accuracy in type-setting); and Lord Thompson of Fleet (for not adding us to his chain before we'd be worth the investment).

And thank you, Michael Clancy, for writing this Editorial instead of the usual stuff ... it means that maybe there's a chance yet, Mr. Scrooge ... after all, Christmas is just around the corner ...

Michael Clancy
Editor-in-chief

Dr. Plumptre Releases Report

by Paul Scrivener

Last Friday, Dr. Plumptre made public his progress report to the Senate. In it, he pointed out that enrolment was well above last year's level and that 900 freshmen had been accepted to the College this year.

Dr. Plumptre stated that 1,832 students were presently enrolled in the College. Of this eighty-five percent actually came from Scarborough. Ten percent of the total figure came from Ontario contrasted with five percent from abroad.

Extension operations have increased over last year with a summer enrolment of 300 and a winter enrolment of 900.

Looking ahead to the future, Dr. Plumptre said that while conditions were cramped at present, new building which will start in 1970 would accommodate all new students. The College would have a student population of 5,000 by 1976. He predicted that there would be over 12,000 students on the Scarborough Campus by the end of the 70's. "I believe that a similar prediction, if not a greater one, could be made for the Erindale Campus."

In his report, Dr. Plumptre also said that there would soon be room for another college with a possible enrolment of 5,000. The new college would be much like the present Campus.

Dr. Patenall Registrar as Court Jester

When the snow is piled up especially high in Stouffville, Doctor Andrew Patenall, registrar at Scarborough College sometimes drive to work on a farmer's tractor. Dr. Patenall lives about twenty minutes from the college in a converted schoolhouse. Here on this one acre of land he can pursue one of his favorite activities and tend a garden where he is able to grow the 'most unlikely' vegetables. In past years as an English professor at Scarborough he made full use of the excellent locale of his office and grew them on the premises.

A Doctor Patenall is from an English public school called Hailybury of the Imperial Sciences College which he described as "impeccably bourgeois". The school leaned heavily towards the military and stressed the "good Christian life." Doctor Patenall said it was comparable to the school in the movie "If," only without its comforts. As a student there, Doctor Patenall admits that he was not a particularly dedicated one, but rather more of a sports enthusiast. He always has been, and still is, an avid hockey fan. After a trip he took to Russia, Dr. Patenall came to McGill on a scholarship with the vague notion of taking economics. He found economics "dismal" and instead took a B.A. and M.A. in English. As the research facilities were not available at McGill, Dr. Patenall took his PhD at the Shakespeare Institute in England. His subject area was popular theology and he did work on Fox's Martyrs.

Doctor Andrew Patenall is a master of the great put-on. He tells those he knows who jokingly threaten to liberate the registrar's office that he will "call the cops". This is in keeping with his philosophy of "the academic as court jester". When I went to interview him, Doctor Patenall was anxious to make clear his reasons for accepting his present position as registrar. In short, Andrew Patenall wants to see if the court jester can be registrar.

If you remember in Shakespeare's plays, the court jester was the uncommitted, most sceptical character in the play. No fool he, the fool was always the wisest man in court.

By threatening to call the cops Doctor Patenall is attempting to "take some of the gas out" of the sometimes tense situations around the university. After the Bissell discipline affair people wanted to know where our registrar stood on this issue. Doctor Patenall did not want them to know. It is to his advantage to be apolitical.

Most of you will remember the peach-colored, maroon-lettered sheets of instructions concerning the registration procedure. This was an attempt by the registrar to take the grayness out of registration. While humor is obvious, the machinery must operate efficiently. The king's fool is skilled at this job, like a clown on a tightrope.

While Doctor Patenall does not believe that the university should be a political weapon he would hate to see the new left destroyed. It's survival must be insured. Scepticism in the academic community (and elsewhere) is important and must not be forbidden.

Doctor Patenall stresses that the foremost aim of the university is for the furtherance of the academic endeavor but he recognizes the fact that the young, interested student of today cannot stand sham and that he respects integrity.

Ultimately the university may end up with a "Hitler" and all of its problems will be solved. This person would inspire fanatic loyalty in a certain segment of the

population. At Berkely this has been the final solution. The same is happening at McGill. Doctor Patenall thinks of himself as a Montrealer and would have worked at McGill had the academic climate been more adequate. First rate scholars are pouring out of ravaged universities. For example, Doctor Hare formerly of the University of British Columbia. As Doctor Patenall put it, UBC's loss is our gain.

Doctor Patenall who has one son pushing two years feels that the area in which he lives is a good one for bringing up children. The "little red schoolhouse" was the most free sort of system. This type of teaching system was unstructured in that all activity took place in one room, students of different levels mingled and helped one another and all formal ritual was absent. When I asked Doctor Patenall what sort of educational system he would like for his son he expressed the opinion that one should not inflict educational principles on a child. "The North American attitude that a child should go to University is a fetish". As for free schools he would like to see the proven benefits.

"The revolution must take place in the classroom". To Doctor Patenall the classroom is where the action should be and is where the change must take place. It is up to the student to challenge the knowledge of the professor. The student need not take as gospel every word the professor utters.



Black Power At Scarborough College

By Michael Clancy

On Tuesday, December 9, The United Nations Association and the Students Council at Scarborough College, presented an open forum on "Black Power" in the Meeting Place.

The meeting was chaired by Mr. Jack Grant; the man who was instrumental in bringing Black foreign students to Canadian universities, and, as a point of interest, the unsuccessful NDP candidate in the last federal election for a North Toronto riding. His experiences with Black Power were based on contacts in Africa, the United States and the West Indies, and thus his position as chairman, despite his assertion of neither blackness or power, was

Black womanhood, the unaffected element of the Black Power Movement, the crowd began to sense his hostility, began to scowl, in the elderly quarters especially, and Mr. Clarke's theatrics and articulate anger seized up the Waspish liberal ladies present and held them in a state of concerned

boredom. By that, I mean the appearance of boredom, smoking, sniffing, whispering, when obviously these "white liberals" were curiously alert to Mr. Clarke's unintelligible emotionalism. This raging theatric, was that the Black "image" was changing, that Blacks were demanding the right to self-determination, here and abroad; that Blacks were no longer allowing themselves to be exploited as "slave" labor, and by "slave" he meant by my interpretation, the slavery to a white educational system. He emphasized the frequently heard "Black is beautiful" concept, made reference to what Blacks

Continued on Page 7

NOTICE

The Political Science Forum is in the initial stages of forming a Political Science Course Union. Interested Political Science students are urgently needed to help form a constitution, design new courses, and so forth. Your participation is essential to have an effective Political Science course in the very near future. If interested, fill in the space provided and drop off the sheets in room S 645 A either Mondays or Wednesdays.

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The Band — Buffalo - Monday Night

by Martyn Weir
"I'll bring over my Fender,
And play all night for you"

They just ambled on stage, looking for all the world like some rural Ontario farmers association meeting, a beat up telecaster leaning against an ancient set of wooden drums.

A couple of taps from Robbie Robertson's toe, and into "Rocking Chair", a slight grin, weaving in time to the jews-harp.

This was "The Band". A study in simplicity and togetherness.

With no break they jump into "King Harvest Has Surely Come." With each introduction the audience applauded, and the grins became more pronounced.

The first set was ethereal in the simplicity. They carried the 3600 strong audience from the opening number, and the evening just grew from there.

Surely this is what music should be. Thoughts of honesty, purity, togetherness, playing off against the visions of the "heavies"—Hendrix, Led Zeppelin etc.

A soft piano introduction then recognized as "The Weight". The first verse, was drowned in the applause.

The sound was incredibly clear, they had learned well from the ten years in Toronto's dive bar parlours. Missing Sunday Night, but not missed, was the wall of amplifiers that usually accompanies concert appearances nowadays.

Robbie Robertson was playing out of a portable 30-watt Fender amp, with a mike in front. Garth Hudson played a Hammond with the smallest Lesney possible. And they made it look so easy. One of them just starts a number and the rest of the band jumps right in.

"The Weight" finished and they ambled off again.

Then back on stage. "This one is for Toronto" and Robertson's "Toronto Telly" rips out "Jemimah Surrender"

This time the audience claps rhythmically as the American rock culture finds out why we think the way we do above the 49th parallel.

"We can talk about it... I'd rather be burned in Canada Than to freeze here in the South"

The second show was enjoyed more by the band, I think, than the audience, if that was possible.

Up on stage laughing, tapping their feet, bobbing up and down and just simply singing their hearts out. After about forty minutes they wind up with "Cripple Creek", almost.

Two standing ovations later they're back doing the song they performed over the clink of "50's" and through the haze of smoke in every downtown Toronto pub, "Slippin' and Slidin'."

Almost finished then, but another standing ovation and back on stage with "Don't Tell Henry," and then finally to say goodnight.

And No, he didn't show up.

by Colin Kaiser

One of the first things a Richard Strauss fan will point out to you is the composers use of horn; if you follow this observation up by listening to the early symphonic poems, you may agree. Thus a horn concerto by a horn master should be approached in awe. Alas, but Strauss' second horn concerto is a disappointment. Composed in 1942, this work comes thirty years after Strauss' prime. Strauss had long since passed his "enfant terrible" tricks; but within this deliberate desire to shock, Strauss had achieved a high level of technical mastery and creativity. By 1942, a gregarious, brash composer had become a tame hermit, and this work jells rather oddly against its historical background.

Barry Tuckwell, Tuesday night's soloist, truly had little to chose from in the way of horn concerti—Hayden wrote two, Mozart four, and they are all very short. Naturally the concert tour demands something a bit more substantial. He played very well with a tone that Strauss would have loved, and he mastered the few tricks that the composer threw his way. These were indeed very few: Strauss did not ask for any "bleating sheep" (c.f. Don Quixote), for passionate or dreamy calls (c.f. Don Juan and Ein Heldenleben); he didn't even demand the customary cadenza at the end of the first and third movements. The orchestra was for all purposes, a string choir—woodwinds practically absent—with only two French Horns to supplement the soloist. Ancel's control was precise and the orchestra has rarely played better (more of this later) but there was coolness in the piece that one might blame on the composer, or Ancel. Even the heavily nostalgic and reminiscent transition passage between Allegro and Andante came off very flat. All in all, a disappointing number due to no fault of Mr. Tuckwell, he deserves better. The last section was Schumann's second symphonic work (which is listed always as No. 4) This was originally entitled "Symphony Fantasy" because the composer used the same thematic material, twisted slightly in context in each movement. One tends to think of Franck and Dily's cyclic approach in their symphonic works and Sibelius' last

symphony in one movement. But for most listeners, Schumann's work sounds like a typical Germanic symphony, without a break between the last movements. Ancel leans toward this type of Romanticism and last night he endowed Schumann's symphony with a more convincing structure than it seems to have. For example, in most recordings the first movement comes off as a monothematic fantasy, yet Ancel gave the tail of the main theme independent life by emphasizing the contrast between this theme's gentleness and the main theme's vigour. There were however, a few points in which his interpretation was questionable. In the first and last movements there is a climax for brass which mushrooms suddenly; these are almost identical and forge another link in the work. These somehow came out like the standard Brahms-Bruckner climax where all the horns play the same note at the same loudness. Of course one might add that the T.S.O. is not especially known for its horns.

At various other points, the woodwinds were simply swamped by the strings, but Schumann can be knocked for his lousy scoring for woodwinds (these also play every note, all together, with very little solo work.)

The best for the last. The first number was Pulcinella, Stravinsky's ballad suite, adapted from the 18th century composer, Pergolese. This was wonderful. It is a work for chamber orchestra with all the 20th century equipment minus timpani. The essence of the piece is solo work for simply everyone—in the good cheerful 18th century manner, and in the

good 20th century manner of burlesque. The opening few numbers (all quite short) are deceptively charming and neo-classic—indeed we are whisked away into a gentle land of drawingrooms—but not a land of Strange elements do creep into the work—we find the rhythms of the Firebird and Rite of Spring lurking in the plucked strings. We notice these, but Stravinsky puts us back into the drawing-room with the lighter middle movements. Then, damn, we are plunked into the bold satire of the best Prokofiev-Shostakovich sort—lightening string passages which enclose the classical woodwind solos—again in the next movement into the old world of theme and variations for woodwind. And we enter from this into one of the funniest passages of classical music, an unheard of duet between trombone and double bass, un-baroque, un-classical, but not unmusical. After this there was a ripple of surprise and delight in the audience. The last movement is a mixture—slashing strings and 18th century grace, the tail of the trombone passage creeps in and we are treated to an ending phrase which is just long enough to emphasize the typical baroque ending. I have indulged myself only because Ancel and the orchestra—particularly the soloists—gave the best performance I have heard this season. There was remarkable balance and the exact emphasis upon both modern and classical elements—which was the Stravinsky intended.

The T.S.O. is rapidly shaping into a good orchestra under Ancel, and attendance showed it. Come and partake, it sure as hell is worth it.

Record Review

by Martyn Weir
Beatles "Get Back" - studio
Tape - Apple.
Rolling Stones "Let It Bleed" -
London.
Beatles "Very Together" -
Polydor.

Ashes to Ashes etc.
It would appear a definite paradox to lump these three apparently diametrically dissimilar albums together, and to review them collectively. However, after extensive listening, I have reached the conclusion that there really is no effective alternative.

"Get Back" is the latest offering by the Beatles and comes in the form of a kit/ package including a written text outlining the entire process involved in creating a Beatles' album. I have been listening to the studio tape provided by Balcony Square/ Radio Varsity. Unfortunately, the two production tracks "Get Back" and "Don't Let Me Down" are not included in our copy, and the quality of the "dub" leaves a lot to be desired. However, it is lucid enough to allow me to appreciate what the band is up to (into?) this time.

The "Very Together" album must be faced with a liberal mind. Once one has managed to ignore the sublime allusion to Paul McCartney's fiercely denied death on the cover, and once one remembers the album was issued in Christmas, 1961 under the title "Tony Sheridan and The Beat Brothers" it becomes easier to listen to the album.

"Let It Bleed" is the new release by the Rolling Stones and bears little resemblance to any of their previous albums, save for a couple of tracks (C & W) from "Beggars Banquet."

The two Beatle albums are closely related in spirit and concept, while "Get Back" and "Let It Bleed" are equally related as to content.

"Get Back" is a country/ ballad effort halfway between "Nashville Skyline" and Hank Williams.

It opens with a deep-south orientated blues number featuring George Harrison on bottleneck guitar and Paul McCartney sounding not unlike Johnny Winter on vocal.

The spirit of the title "Get Back" is exemplified on a plaintive soft country melody "Teddy Boy" which serves to remind the Beatles of their "greaser" days in Hamburg during 1959-1962.

The Rolling Stones, though still far coarser and gutsier, sound very similar to the Beatles on "Get Back." "Let It Bleed" features excellent bottleneck from Keith Richards on seven tracks, and even better from Mick Taylor on the two he is on. Taylor you will remember, played bottleneck with John Mayall, and adds not a small amount of authenticity to the sounds the Stones are trying to achieve.

"Country Honk" the original neo-Hank Williams version of their last single is perhaps a deeper country sound than "Get Back" but is close in many respects. "Midnight Rambler" is to "Let It Bleed" what "I Love You In The Morning" is to "Get Back".

"Very Together" is the genuine article that "Get Back" is all about. Recorded in Germany in 1961, it features the Beatles when they were a sextet fronted by a now forgotten "pop idol" Tony Sheridan. Lead guitar on this album was proffered by Stu Sut-

cliffe, the leader/ manager of this obscure, tough looking R & B-band called the "Beat Brothers". It was his efforts which convinced Brian Epstein to take over the band without Sheridan, and to obtain a recording contract with Parlophone. Shortly after the contract was signed, and a new drummer (Richard Starkey) added, Sutcliffe succumbed to a massive brain haemorrhage and died before their first record was finished.

Thus it is up until just prior to Sutcliffe's death that the album covers. These were the Teddy Boy days, when the band worked seven hours a night playing white "covers" of Negro hits.

The album is not only interesting, it is very good rock 'n' roll, and is an accurate preview of where they were destined to end up. (Something which nobody knows yet.) The material is old and familiar with such C and W or rock 'n' roll standards as "Ain't She Sweet" which features a Boots Randolph style sax solo, as well as a solid version of Ray Charles' "What'd I Say?" and the country "great," "Sweet Georgia Brown."

It is rather remarkable to note that this track bears striking similarity to "Monkey Man" on the "Let It Bleed" album. And so the cycle goes.

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INDOMITABLE OBSESSION

Fiction by e. rancati

He turned on the mirror's light, examined his face closely and saw a greenish pimple next to his upper lip. With the help of his two index fingers, he squeezed it violently until a bubble of pus sprinkled the mirror. "I have to look perfect," he said to himself, admiring his resemblance to Valentino. He opened his mouth, exposing the impeccable line of teeth to careful scrutiny. He looked at his nostrils and cut three wild hairs that were peering out for fresh air; then went back to his room and began to get dressed.

After an elaborate ritual, he picked a paper-bag that was lying on a chair and inspected it ceremoniously: a bottle of Chianti wine, a pound of lasagna, parmesano cheese, a pale blue pajamas and to the side, close to a small bouquet of violets, an expensive perfume by Faberge. He examined the inside pockets of his coat, and touched the familiar bottle of "Emco".

"I am ready," he whispered, and went upstairs to say goodbye. His mother was kneeling on her private pew, in front of a pompous altar with a diversified number of statuettes. She had a black dress, and a mournful hat with a veil covering her whole face.

"I am leaving," he said impatiently, leaning in front of her face while his mother advanced to kiss him; he felt the veil adhering on his cheek like a wet cob-web, followed by a smacking sound. Ten minutes later, he was riding on the streetcar submerged in his own thoughts.

Rudy was an exact replica of his mother's idol, Rudolph Valentino. Since he was a kid, he used to hear his mother brag about her unsuccessful suicide when the actor had died. Unfortunately for her, the milkman had arrived earlier that day and saved her life. She married her savior and Rudy arrived five months after the ceremony surprising his ingenious father. Two years afterwards, Rudy's father disappeared, and his mother had to struggle to earn the bread.

As Rudy grew up, his mother secluded herself into a medieval mysticism. She had a private altar with all the imaginable saints surrounded with 352 candles. She carried a priest's rosary around her waist, and lived in a permanent trance. One day Rudy went to the bathroom, and as he entered, he saw his mother satisfying a physical need; she made him kneel, blessed him, recited two long prayers in Latin, and let him go. Since then, Rudy would knock at the door even if it was open.

Despite his looks, Rudy had only gone out once, and that experience turned out to be a nightmare. He had heard his friends talk about the intriguing "sex" of a woman, and this aroused his curiosity. This inquisitive urge was soon turned into an obsession, which led him to reply to an ad he read in "The Embryo", an underground newspaper. But the apparent woman he had expected turned out to be an extravagant hermaphrodite.

But tonight, he had a date for the first time in his life. To make things worse, his date was with the woman he had fallen in love with; his teacher from the typing class. He had gone to the school for three months, and from the first day a magnetic force pulled him to see her every minute of the day.

Hortense was a coquette red-head with a permanent simper on her face; she wore a purple artificial sweet pea on her dresses, and high-graduation specs commonly known as "bottle's ass". Nevertheless, Rudy was in love with her, and his most daring adventure came when the school transferred Hortense to another class. He wrote her an appealing poem:

"She's my prof, so sweet, so belle
That smile that wins, that sweet
express.

But now that she leaves, like the
winter in May,

I stay like the flower that tired of
bloom

In a glass forgotten, she suddenly
dismays.

Her eyes are like candles I just
happened to light

How pure, how dear, her
strawberry lips.

Her cheeks have the honey
planted there by the bees

Like a soft caress, like an innocent
kiss.

Oh God, what a nightmare,
uncertain but true

A myriad scenes, some hopeful,
some blue

Would she ever realize and
respond with a smile

Or expect me to die with a tearful
goodbye."

"Longfellow!" had cried Hortense
with rapture.

"Valentino," had riposted Rudy
petulantly.

"I meant we have a Longfellow
in the school," clarified Hortense.

"Just call me Rudy."

"Rudy, this is beautiful, but why,
if I may ask?"

"I only want to express
gratitude."

And after ten minutes of mutual
discovery, they agreed to meet at
Hortense's apartment where Rudy
would cook his favorite recipe:
green lasagna.

Hortense had given Rudy two
weeks for their glorious rendezvous, and began to prepare himself with scientific minutiae. Since he expected to satisfy his grand obsession, he had to go prepared to face any eventuality that may arise. One morning, under the jocose advice of a friend, Rudy went to the drugstore dressed as a comic-strip spy; with dark glasses, a big hat, and a heavy dark raincoat. As the old lady asked him what he wanted, he handed her a paper with newspaper letters arranged in sentences requesting two contraceptives; but the decrepit woman misinterpreted the note, and fainted in front of his eyes thinking it was a hold-up.

He went to another drugstore, this time in the center of the business district where he was sure no one knew him. As the attendant approached him, he handed the paper with unusual sang-froid, despite the presence of three cute girls beside him. The attendant put his specs on and read aloud, "Please, give me two contraceptives." Rudy's blood was boiling under his face. But the giggling of the girls became unbearable when the man showed him ten different kinds to choose from.

Another day, he went to an obscure, and secluded bookstore, where a friend had confided him they had sex-manuals, even in sanskrit. He bought two that were written in 1825 by an English ex-convict; and two modern essays with provocative titles: How to Copulate and Stay Fresh, and Learn Two Positions with Fourteen Variations. His purpose was to

amalgamate the knowledge of the Old and New Worlds.

To his displeasure, none of the manuals had pictures of his obsession. They were instead full of intricate exercises to develop the muscles of the pelvic region. Rudy followed them religiously for the first three days until a sore ligament forced him to stop the training indefinitely. One of the essays suggested how to dress for the sublime act, manners, diet, and topics for conversation. Rudy went to an esoteric store where he bought an eccentric pajamas, with a butterfly embroidered on a conspicuous spot in front of the pants.

His mother became suspicious when he began to follow a complementary diet consisting of a dozen turtle eggs, mixed with a spicy alfalfa salad. But he mollified his mother's uncertainty, by explaining his desire to enter a tic-tac-toe tournament at school and his eagerness to be in shape.

Time passed by quickly, he was on the streetcar and in an hour, perhaps less, he was going to enjoy what he hoped to be a memorable evening. The streetcar stopped, he got off and walked two blocks until he finally reached the apartment house. He rang the bell and the janitor, an old negro with white hair, who looked just like a negative, opened the door. He went up the stairs and knocked at door number 53.

Hortense opened and shyly asked him to come in. She had a provocative pink blouse with matching flowerie pants; double

ration of "Channel 5," and her adorable smirk on her face; but her smile was chaste, similar to certain passionate women who are holding it all inside.

"You look wonderful today," said Hortense excitedly.

"Really?" replied Rudy laconically. And they both went to the kitchen.

"Tonight, you'll taste a masterpiece of culinary art," said Rudy with fervor.

"Rudy, I don't doubt your epicurean flair but I'm not hungry yet, would you like to listen to some music?" asked Hortense with a sensual debonair.

"I'll be glad; why don't you set it and I'll fix you a drink."

And as Hortense left leaving a fragrance of cologne, Rudy prepared the drinks; according to the manuals he had absorbed two days before. He suddenly forgot the decisive question to ask at the right moment, was it "Would you like to copulate?" or "Would you like to make a poem?"

"Hurry up Rudy!"

He went to the livingroom where Hortense was comfortably seated on a yellow chesterfield. Rudy sat on the table facing her; and they began to drink the elixir of love.

"I'm fond of poets," said Hortense abruptly, "show me how to make a poem."

"It's pretty difficult," said Rudy in a supercilious voice, "give me a word."

"Oh Rudy, can't you think of one yourself," said Hortense lifting her arms and filling the air with a vegetable, briny aroma from her armpits.

"I feel the fragrance of mirthful flower

Caress her skin, terse like a veil,
"Go on Rudy."

"Her precious teeth, they are so brilliant

Just like a full moon on a lost rail," ended Rudy with debauchery.

That was the spark needed to incite the flame. Rudy began to kiss Hortense's hand from her little finger to the shoulder and viceversa.

"Rudy, doesn't the music make you sort of ... you know ... feel like doing something?"

"This is the moment," he thought, and as the manual said, he went for the violet's bouquet, the perfume, and the contraceptive device. He entered the kitchen, looked for the bag and his pajamas. In the excitement, he emptied the whole bottle of perfume on his chest, and put on the pajama's pants backwards. When he returned to the livingroom, Hortense was standing on the small table, filled with rapture, stripping under a tenuous light that fell from above.

He was startled! Her tremulous hands ripped the blouse with ravenous and lavished movements. This was the moment! Rudy stood petrified as the voluptuous white flesh began to gush. He thought of his obsession, of his mother, the rosary, and suddenly he saw it, that dark spot! That big knot of algae, an exploding ant-hill with martian sparks! His bones were filled with foam, and as if stricken by a ray he fainted.

She

You see her in a
clique.

You see her
in
some
seat far off
feigning,
pretending

at
your
forward
looks.

You stare.
Yet she
continues
in
her
gestures
and
disguise to
no
avail.

The world is hers.
Yet when

the clique
goes its way,
you notice her
caught up in
her own sterile self,
stagnated,
searching for her
true

identity,
lost within

her own
confines
and seeking to

break
that false oblivion.

S.P. Argiropoulos

Apathetic University

Gerry Finger

Uninterested thoughts
Scattered journals, unblemished
University reports, ignored.
Listless crowds, sauntering
Thru echoing halls.
Shuffling of well-worn cards
Suffering meetings
Resounding thru empty
chambers.

Do you care? Do you care?

Silence in great numbers

And then,

A meek voice:

"About what?"

Emptiness

The imperfect
whole,
the true
dimension,

Reality.

The unperceivable
aspect of

death

retreats in
minds not distant

clear

yet
emptiness
fills

the thoughts
of those
once

known

the meaninglessness
of

the plastic
world

full of
expressionless faces

hate anger

rage and

sorrow yet

obliterated and torn
inside

the external
traces

of sublime
emotionality

false

and yet

unknown

to those who have not
experienced

the will to
live

alone.
S.P. Argiropoulos

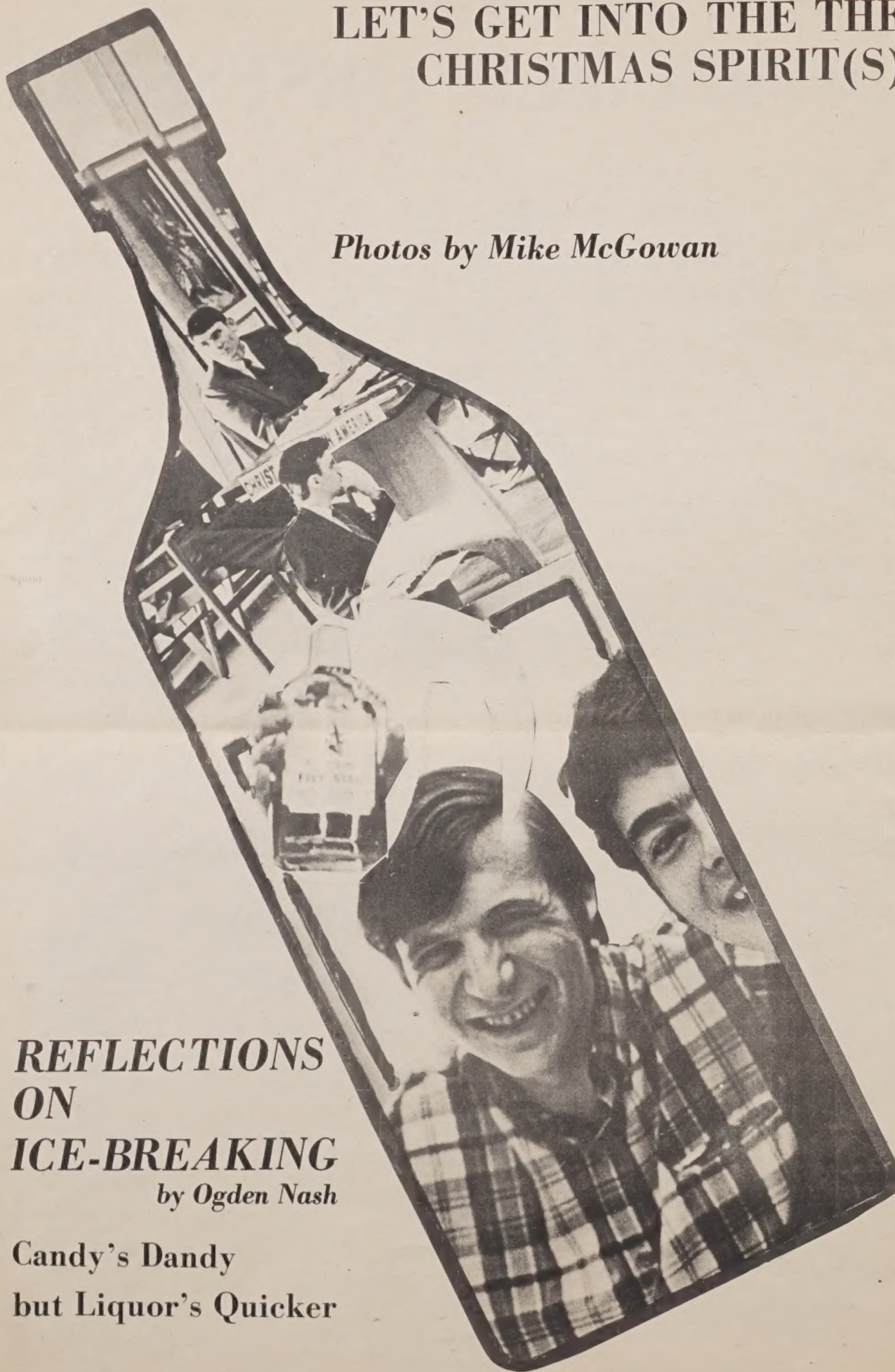
LET'S GET INTO THE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT(S)

Photos by Mike McGowan

REFLECTIONS ON ICE-BREAKING

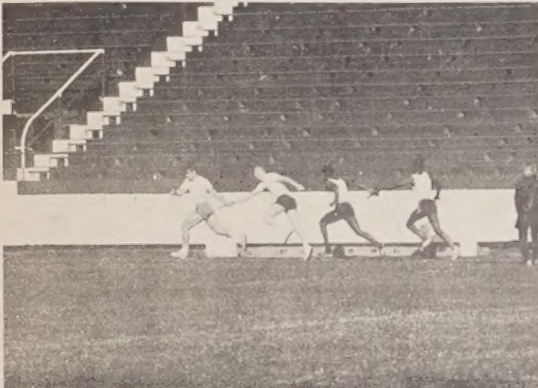
by Ogden Nash

Candy's Dandy but Liquor's Quicker

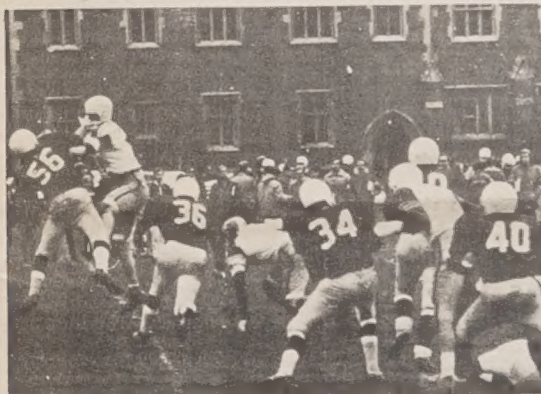




Soccer - This was one of the 47 goals that the Marooners pumped into the opposition's net during the season. The scorer here against Forestry is Tony Galati, the team's top scorer, with Bill Bubrin on the left.



Athletics - A perfect baton change as the West Indian duo of Llewellyn Edwards and Ken Jeffers turn it on for Scarborough in the relays.



Football - Despite a fierce charge by the Dents linemen, airborne Q.B. Dave Hynes gets a good pass anyway.

BLACK POWER at SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE

Continued from Page 3

want -- "what do you want?" says the white man. . . "what more do you have?" says the Black" -- and took up the banner of Black determination with "We are different. If you don't give us our place, we're going to take it!". By this point, the observer is forced to conclude that Clarke's bitterness clouds his logic. His emphasis on theatrical economics, word usage, i.e. "nigger" commands valid criticism. He ended his speech with more poetry, more emotion, more high-pitched squealings, and more theatrics, much to the horror of the little old ladies hiding behind their cigarettes and hairdos.

Mr. Grant then opened the meeting, to the desperate applause of the audience, to questions from the floor. A white student blew the liberalist cover of the audience with the "shocking" anti-Black Power assertion that if this were indeed a discussion of Black Power and if indeed Blacks were unified in their self-determinist theories, why were there so few Blacks present? (23 to be exact -- out of a crowd of 200) He was then annihilated by Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Mike Simon, our beloved SAC representative, stated my

precise feelings by pointing out that the reason there were so many Whites present was that these so-called liberals were here to satisfy their "curiosity and liberal tendencies". His statement was greeted by a round of applause by the Blacks present.

He was followed by a series of White and Black speakers of varying viewpoints and definition. A Black student of this college, who by his own valuation, shall remain unnamed, berated Clarke for his hostility and was thus heckled by one of his "Black brothers."

Finally, Prof. G. Kaplan of this University, tied off these vague attempts at Black definition with "If I were Black, I'd hate all you white bastards too!", said little more than that, but amused the audience to no end.

Concluding, the meeting was a complete success in exposing this reporter to all the well-known clichés of the Movement, and a dismal failure as an attempt at logical discussions of the formulae of Black Power. The coverage in the Telegram was slightly more detailed and less subjective, and I suggest this reading only to those aware of my bias.

Fall Term Look - Back

All photos Balcony Square/ Taimo Pallandi

By Harlequin
A retrospective view of the myriad of fall term sports activities seems to have come upon me so early, that it seems like only last week that the first sporting outing to Trent University had taken place. Your honourable sports-writer the noble HARLEQUIN is thus consequently forced to make a quick appraisal of the multifarious sporting activities.

At this time our noble edifice "Ye Olde Scar Coll" is leading in the Thomas A. Reed Interfaculty Trophy which is the trophy for overall sports participation award to the college with the best total sports record. With a bit of sustained effort from the winter sportsters we might be able to maintain these giddy heights and bring home the old trophy.

I think some large measure of appreciation should be accorded to the Director of Phys. Ed. at Scarborough, MR. PALLANDI who has marshalled the respective coaches of the various sports activities and provided the necessary motivation for such a collective effort. These first term results are due in no small measure to the energy and interest Mr. Pallandi and the Phys. Ed. Dept. have shown in all the sporting endeavors.

Amongst the most successful of the teams and coaches was the soccer marooners of Leo Marrin, who worked assiduously with the soccerites to produce their most successful season ever. It must have been particularly galling to the team-members to have won every single regular season league game and play-off game, racking of a momentous 47 goals and not conceding a single goal until the final; when in doing so, they lost a heartbreak of a soccer final 1-0 to Grads in a snow-swept match at Varsity Stadium. The same one goal deficit had thwarted the same team in the final the year previously when Phys. Ed. pipped them 2-1.

Stand-outs in the soccer team were many, and it seems unjust to single out players for special mention. However, their calibre of soccer was so good that special mention must be given to Stew Sawyer and goalie Benny Skopiowsky who were jointly awarded the most-valuable player award by their team mates; to Dave Sorensen whose footwork and play-making was first-class; to Tony (the Count) Galati who pistol-packed 21 of the teams goals; to Bill Bubrin the tireless left-winger; to Ewart Taylor who had the hardest shot seen on the Scar field for a long time; to Paul Woloskansky a ceaseless worker at full-back, and to their omnipresent captain Bernie Neuhold whose tall frame barred the way up the middle to the opposing attacks.

For the first time Scar produced a winning lacrosse side and the man essentially responsible for this was their coach and convener Peter Peroff. These club whirling warriors won their league handily, being undefeated in regular season play. Only a sloppy first quarter in the quarter-final play-off against St. Mikes cost the team further progress in the competition, as they lost 13-9. Season standouts were Bob O'Neil for some great defensive work in goal, and Bill Thomson and Doug Suppels who were the leading scorers in attack.

The results of the football squad regrettably proved to be the disappointment of the season. Nothing epitomises North American sport more than the crunch of helmets against pads and many were looking to the football squad to improve on their very creditable 4-2 of their opening season. Unfortunately the team was hurt early when academic requirements decimated many of last years squad. It took the squad a while to adjust themselves to new coaching of ARNIE CAREFOOTE from RAMSY PARKER, and this disrupted to a small degree the continuity. In the end however, the material was just not there and the

footballers won only one of their five starts, albeit three of their defeats were very narrow affairs. Unfortunately time and time again the offense could not move the ball on critical yardage situations, and it was rather a sad reflection when the defense led in scoring. Chief amongst this group was MATT NAKAMURA whose interceptions from corner-back were the highlights of the season's play, his all-round play was of the highest calibre and treat to watch. There were some particularly hard-hitting displays and earnest performances from ROMAN KUCZUK and AL SCHEINALD in the offensive line, and AL CORMAN and DAVE DYKES in their rookie

year in defense. Special mention should be given to the team captains GOLDLUST and GOLD-SMITH, this golden duo, kept the team spirit up on many occasions, ensuring that what the team lacked in execution they didn't lack in guts or effort.

Another Scarborough first was established when "ADMIRAL" DON CARR took his privateering sloop down to compete at Wayne State University sailing competition at Detroit. Considering the fact that our two crews were disqualified for ungentlemanly conduct on four races out of eleven and still managed to end up seventh out of twenty-three



Rugger - The Hammers gain possession from the line-out, the high-leaping Gary Durie beats the York University (Phys. Ed.) jumper. In support (right to left) Pergolas, Buckman, Rossetto and Kuczuk.

competing teams shows their undoubted talent.

Perhaps the outstanding athletic achievement of the term was the effort of seven Scar athletes who put it all together and brought Scar second place in the Varsity Track Meet. Considering the size of the other college teams this was an excellent accomplishment achieved by some quality jumping by NAKAMURA, JOHN HILLYARD and KEN JEFFERS, excellent sprinting by GARY GOLDLUST, PETER SPITZ and JEFFERS again, and very creditable relay running of ERIC SEERY, LEW EDWARDS, KEN JEFFERS, and PETER SPITZ in gaining second place in the 4 x 100 and 4 x 100 relays.

And undoubted success both on and off the field of play were the Hammers rugby team. Having started the ambitious experiment of 15-a-side rugby, the team ended the season with a 2-1-2 record, the very experienced Trent side proving the major undoing whilst two wins against York University sides and a creditable draw against the Old Boys Club side completed the record. In seven the record was good only to fall to obscurity when a championship seemed within grasp. After winning Div. 1 with a 5-1 record on regular season play, the Hammers were knocked out in the quarter-final playoff by St. Mikes by a goal to nil, the award of a rather dubious try being the only difference in hard fought end to end struggle.

In all the Hammers played 18 games which must rank as the heaviest team schedule. Sterling performances were given by PHIL PERGOLAS who improved immensely on his previous year's display, RON ROSSETTO and PAUL CARTWRIGHT proved to be robust rookies, whilst FRITZ LEPPMANN, CHRIS PINNELL and TOM SIMPSON consistently turned in hard-nosed performances. STEW MARTIN continued to improve at scrum-half as the season wore on, and winger GARY GOLDLUSTS' long try scoring runs were the feature of a memorable season. The side was held together by the veteran campaigner ERIC SEERY, whose leadership was appreciated both on the field and in the post-match roistering which proved to be a great success with the opposition. Indeed the Hammers rugby male voice choir had equally successful season off the field as the team had done on it. At times there seemed to be more animation in "Swing Low Sweet Chariots" then in the season's scrums and line-outs taken as a whole.

All that now remains is for DAVE AITKEN'S hockey Puckers and JOHN DOW'S phantom B-Ballers to keep up the good work, and who knows we might get there.

It now behoves me to wish all you faithful sportreaders a happy if somewhat bucolic Yuletide and we'll see you all next year.

SCAA Car Rally

Saturday, January 17, 1970

Open to all members of Scarborough College.

ENTRY FEE — \$2.00

FANTASTIC EVENT WITH INCREDIBLE PRIZES

1st Prize — \$150.00

2nd Prize — \$100.00

3rd Prize — \$ 50.00

and many others